

F

154

.B45





Class F154

Book B45

Copyright N<sup>o</sup>                     

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.**







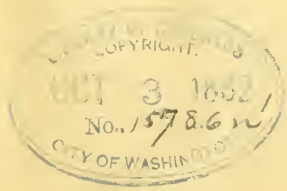


# PENN'S PLEA FOR CAMERON

45  
1352

THE FIRST PROPRIETOR'S REASONS  
FOR SUPPORTING GENERAL BEAVER,

AS COMMUNICATED THROUGH  
✓  
LOUIS BELROSE, JR.



# Penn's Plea for Cameron.

F154  
.B4.

My life was often weary, but the grave  
Gives me good rest. Of all that I could do  
For peace of hands and hearts and ease of all,  
The wage was only man's ingratitude.  
Therefore, I keep the grave. A hundred years  
Are gone from my last coming, and the same  
Thence to that time when all my fairest hopes  
Brought me to this fair land. Two hundred years;  
And full of wondrous changes. War, the curse  
That curseth those who win with those who lose,  
Had made a nation of our settlements  
When last I came. And then that act was fresh  
Which took from mine the rights proprietary  
Got with their blood from me. But while I grieved,  
The power of the name of Liberty  
Fell as of old upon me, and recalled  
These words, writ large for mine own governance,  
Ere I set sail from England, "I'll not leave  
Myself or my successors any means  
Of doing mischief, so that one man's will  
Never may hinder an whole country's good."  
I said within myself, the land has grown  
So far beyond the need of tutelage,  
That heirs of mine though rightful lords therein,  
Might now delay the fair accomplishment.  
So thinking, turned and went and slept again.

How little is the wit of little man !  
The passions of the sire when tricked anew  
With small device of merest travesty  
Seem in his children changed. My wisdom, too,  
Has turned to folly. Those I took when last  
Among you here for men of so great worth  
As neither brooked nor needed hinderance  
I find as you best know. 'Twas scandal then,  
Even to name the word proprietor,  
And now your whole State lives it. Little men !  
'Twas I, the fool, a hundred years ago,  
Who thought you grown beyond our tutelage.  
More fool but much less knave for thinking it.  
Yea, truly, now I know that some were born  
To rule and some to serve. The dreams of youth,  
The dreams I fondly carried to my grave,  
Are made of mist and nothing. Liberty  
Is but the catchword of a demagogue,



That slaves may mouth and serve contentedly.  
Yes, you did well ; one head to many hands  
Makes the work smooth, and then the head you chose  
Came with a heart for ruling fatherly.  
'Tis true my children's children might have held  
In stricter right of law, but barring this  
And that most natural leaning all men have  
Toward their own flesh, I grant no choice of all  
Could please me half so well. For who more fit  
By right of gentle ways and peacefulness  
To take the chair of Onas\* than the man  
Called Kickapoo, and for his kindness, chief  
Of Winnebagoes ? O'er the western wild,  
Fled from their ancient haunts, the red men still  
Remember Onas, and their tongues will praise  
No name with his excepting Kickapoo.  
Is it then well your children here should rest  
In ignorance of what the savage makes  
A fireside tale in distant Oregon ?  
I know you plead your ruler's modesty  
And how lest some should think him vain, he buys  
And burns the printed story, but is this  
A reason ? Tell it forth in every school  
From every pulpit, every housetop ! aye,  
And do his will a gentle violence  
That all may know the worth of Cameron.  
How many pages written fair as this  
Have you for youth's instruction ? I have turned  
Leaf after leaf of all man's history  
And find none other like it. No, not one  
So filled with soul exalting charity.

As when the sun through clouds of orient pearl  
Springs forth refulgent from the glorious east  
In pride of noonday splendor, so the fame  
Burst on the world of Simon Cameron !  
Ah, tell the tale again that all may know.

'Twas eighteen hundred years and thirty-eight  
Since Christ our Saviour came, and but a year  
After the famous panic, which had left  
Disorder in the land, and trade was dull  
But not so Simon, for his youth had learned  
How wary men may oft with most success  
Fish for the Lord in waters troublesome.  
All day, for he it was that kept the gold  
In that now famous bank of Middletown,

---

\*Indian word meaning a *pen*.

He toiled assiduous, but when even came,  
Strolling by Susquehanna, drank the wind  
From hills of Harrisburg, our capital,  
And dreamt the stream another Pactolus;  
Dreamt that the golden sands were turned to gold,  
And he cashier of all Humanity.

So, as he wandered fearing God, there came  
A messenger, O Providence, thy ways !  
Bidding make haste and gird his loins and go  
Still westward to the Prairie of the Dog,  
Near where Wisconsin meets the greater stream  
Called Mississippi, for the government  
By pledge of treaty sent the quarter-breeds  
And half-breeds of the Winnebagoes there  
An hundred thousand dollars and as much,  
Less ten, to pay all justly reckoned debts  
Of these same Indians. Simon fell in prayer.  
Yearning with all true men, so once I yearned,  
To lift the savage out of heathen ways  
Up to the path of Christian righteousness,  
He thanked the Lord for opportunity.  
Traders with blunted conscience dulled by trade  
Sold the poor wretches rum, and villanous,  
That stole their wits from Christ. So, thought he, now  
If I by deft abstraction of the means  
Whereby this rum is had should make the same  
A thing unhaveable, the cause thereby  
Were much advanced. But here needs cautiousness.  
For evil men think evil and might say  
“Lo, Simon keeps the gold for love of it !”  
And he with meekness that becomes the wise  
Questioned his single power and made choice  
Of one deep-learned in the law, that so  
Nothing should turn amiss. Then went his way.  
And meditation went along with him,  
And that deep-learned man who knew the law.  
And, seeing times were changed, they heeded not  
Saint Luke, the traveller's guide, but took with them  
A goodly store of notes, all crisp and fresh,  
From that now famous bank of Middletown.  
Yet Simon, that the word might be fulfilled,  
Took but one coat and ever after found  
That one sufficed when turned judiciously.  
And lo, his heart went out to those wild men  
As now he stood among them ; only he  
Between their sodden souls and burning hell.  
He felt the strength of righteous purposes,  
And swore to brave man's utmost calumny.

Then fell he straight to work. The wily one  
Deep-learned in the law, whom he had brought  
Had seen the catiff traders and made known  
How he it was who best could plead their cause.  
Then Simon sat in judgment, dealing forth  
Certificates with skill intuitive  
For ninety thousand dollars, Indian debts.  
But here was small per cent. for these were white ;  
And little gain for Christ accordingly.

But now of wider fields and profits clear,  
Sing, heavenly muse. O'erruling Providence  
Delayed the gold's arrival wherewithal  
The wicked major who disbursed the same,  
One Hitchcock, later major-general,  
Polluted savage souls, and this gave time  
For that deep-learned man who knew the law  
To spread among the half and quarter breeds,  
About an hundred, noise that naught would come  
Or little, and 'twere well to sell their claims.  
And eighteen hundred dollars sold for four,  
In good, crisp, fresh bank notes of Middletown.  
Then Simon sat in judgment, and allowed  
These claims, and gave certificates in all  
To ninety-two, of whom thirteen received  
In their own name or children's, nineteen more  
Held as trustees, while sixty were "in fact,"  
Attorneys, and thereby suspends a tale.  
But Simon simply signed certificates.  
Though sixty thousand dollars had been snatched,  
So rumor said, from Satan's clutches vile,  
Without the Major of the regulars  
All was for naught, for he it was that paid.  
But when were arms the school of innocence ?  
What hope that he would hold the gift of grace  
To cull desert from strange appearances ?  
Alas, the villain raised the hue and cry,  
Hurling, "stop thief," till those at Washington  
Hurled in return, "stop thief," and he that ruled  
The War Department, Joel Poinsett named,  
Undid the work of Simon, swearing loud  
His ways were crooked, and no thing should stand.  
Then fain was he that knew the law to go  
And gather up those notes still crisp and fresh,  
That but for this mishap had nevermore  
Seen Middletown. And new men came, and lo,  
The Major honored their certificates,  
Paying out gold till Satan grinned again.

Alas, how frequent fail the fairest schemes !  
What deeds are done we know, but what remain  
Locked in the pregnant womb of fair intent  
No man can tell ; but these are worthiest.  
The very savage, cause of all his woe,  
Mocked and maligned and cursed, ignoring yet  
The deed's true inwardness. But Simon bore  
The weight of blame with Christian fortitude.  
Not slinking from the world, a mangy cur  
That seeks some hole to die, as other men  
Needs must have done, but full of nimbleness,  
Feeling his time not far. And made a vow  
To sink himself in deepest obloquy,  
Rather than fail in righteous purposes.

States have their own and special providence.  
When those who get from fortune time to learn,  
Make greed their only god, and worship it,  
Or build a column out of vanity,  
Whereon to pass their lives and contemplate  
Their own sweet mystic sign umbilical,  
New men, who else had wallowed in the mire,  
Spring forth and take their places, governing  
By right divine of man's stupidity.  
Such, learning all the deed's significance,  
Whereby great Simon sought the savage good,  
And seeing how much he was like myself,  
Your state's original proprietor,  
Bethought them here was one to take my place,  
And make the people laws and govern them.  
Then he, because he dwelt in righteousness,  
Refused them not, but took the charge now borne  
Through thick and thin for well nigh forty year ;  
Accepting, but for Christ. unwillingly.  
And so it came to pass in Forty-five  
That all the people, though they knew it not,  
Needed his presence sore at Washington.  
Whereof he mindful sought a way, and found  
A void was in the place of senator ;  
An aching void that he himself must fill.  
But when was Simon found irresolute ?  
Another, Woodward named, a Democrat,  
Held of that side the pledge, and seemed secure.  
But Simon, also then a Democrat,  
Changing with acrobatic promptitude,  
Marshalled his new made friends, and bade them hope.  
But these were not enough, and how to gain  
The needful few was past man's fathoming.  
So Simon fell in prayer, and as he prayed

Upon the shining banks of Pactolus  
(So named he Susquehanna, rolling gold)  
A miracle was wrought to comfort him.  
The setting sun stood still, and on the disk  
An eagle, mighty, bearing peace and war,  
Appeared refulgent, with the glorious words  
Of *In hoc signo vinces*; whereupon  
He rose and conquered. And from that day forth  
His speech was silver and his silence gold.  
But many marveled how the thing was done.

Then first for this was urgent, seeing some  
Mistook the signs that pointed thitherward, -  
He strengthened, my omission warning him,  
The title of his rights proprietary.  
But those the Lord lifts up he sometimes leaves  
A season to themselves wherein to find  
How little but for Him, is all their skill.  
Thus when his time was out as senator,  
In Forty-nine, although he turned again  
To those his former friends, the Democrats,  
But few would listen, many passing by.  
And thus the man he praised for governor,  
A Democrat, went down in Fifty-four.  
And thus a few weeks later, though he changed  
And took the stronger side, the Know Nothing,  
This very man, named Bigler, worsted him  
At Harrisburg, and went as senator.  
Wherein was sore distress, for Simon held  
The plighted promise of the stronger side.  
But some who loved him not, a score and eight,  
Rebelled, and wrote down words accusing him  
Of "public plunder, private bribery,"  
And such like scandalous iniquities,  
Swearing the caucus bought. Then Simon knew  
The Lord was gone; so straightway fell in prayer.  
And lo! the setting sun once more stood still,  
And grew, and grew, and grew, and thereupon  
An eagle, mighty, bearing peace and war,  
That grew and grew and grew, and those same words  
Were *In hoc signo vinces*. Whereupon  
He rose and conquered. Soon, 'twas Fifty-seven,  
The wise men met again at Harrisburg  
In consultation, seeking one to serve  
As senator, and lo the balance hung  
Even except for two or three who leant  
Away from Simon toward the Democrat:  
(For Simon sniffed the wind Republican.)  
Therefore remembering that oath he'd made

To sink himself in deepest obloquy,  
Rather than fail in righteous purposes,  
He took upon himself some seeming wrong,  
And bought Lebo, Maneer and Wagonseller,  
Three Democrats.

But soon the curse of war,  
That curseth those who win with those who lose,  
Fell hot upon the land, and men grew wild,  
Which wrung the soul of Simon. Fearing God,  
He hated violence, and Heaven made  
This hate a blessing, for when Lincoln came  
To govern you he found a bargain struck  
Between his friends and Simon, whereby he  
For service in convention took the place  
Of Secretary, choosing that of War.  
And all the North uprose and all the South,  
Till hope of peace went out, for men were wild.  
And priests before their altars cried out "war ;"  
And maids and matrons, even little babes  
That watched their mothers' lips, cried out for war ;  
Till greed of gold gave place to greed of blood,  
And common thieves grew honest for an hour,  
While each one brought his life a sacrifice.  
Then Simon strove to make the best of it.  
Seeing no human power could quell the rage  
That drove men headlong to the field of death,  
His tenderness devised a stratagem  
(For nature's self had named him general)  
Whereby to pluck the sting of enmity.  
From Providence 'twas his to feed and clothe  
And arm the Northern hosts, wherein there lay  
Vast opportunity, for all was bare.  
And thus thought Simon,—If I give them means,  
How great the sum of slaughter ! Myriads  
Must fall unshriven, while the gates of hell  
Stand wide agape ; and I their murderer !  
So thought, and swore an oath it should not be.  
Then, knowing well the peril should he trust  
Those bestial officers, the regular,  
He set them far aside and called his friends  
Most confidential, bidding them go buy  
All things an army needs, but have a care  
That none be deadly, neither fit for use.  
And also charged them pay the double price  
Lest Lincoln scent the ruse and all be lost.  
Then each man went his way ; but soon returned  
With all things needful : shoes with paper soles,  
And martial costumes all the woof whereof

Was felt and glue, and all the warp whereof  
 Was felt and glue ; and blankets that were seen  
 At even ere the dews began to fall,  
 And vanished with the dews : and other such  
 A thousand, whereof none could tell the use.  
 But how to make pretence of armament  
 Taxed their best skill till Simon told the tale  
 Of how in youth despising God's command  
 He stole to where a wandering company  
 Played " Julius Cæsar," and beheld amazed  
 A dozen ploughboys, taken for the nonce,  
 Who, passing round and round behind the scene,  
 Sufficed for Brutus' legions and the hosts  
 Of Antony. His word was to the wise.  
 Then arms condemned were sold for little price  
 That this might go unnoticed, and were bought  
 For more than all their worth ; again condemned,  
 And sold for little price, and bought again  
 For more than all their worth ; and these the same.

But men were wild for blood, and congressmen  
 With hearts unused to gentle purposes  
 Caught wind of what was done and found it strange.  
 Then taking Christian ways for crookedness,  
 Chose a " Select Committee to inquire  
 Into the contracts of the government."  
 Which, nosing, found out much. But long ere this  
 The General, seeing all attempts were vain  
 To keep the troops from arms, and knowing well  
 Another in his place, from thirst of blood,  
 Would make the gold buy twice as much as he,  
 With abnegation indescribable  
 Let scruple go and held to charity.

Then he himself, not trusting those who served  
 Beneath him, as another would have done,  
 Contracted with his friends who knew his heart  
 For deadly weapons ; till through him alone  
 Were eighteen hundred thousand muskets bought  
 Out of a nineteen hundred possible,  
 The sum of all. But Simon, ever kind,  
 Feared lest his zeal should make his officers  
 Appear incapable, and gave it out  
 That all was done by these ; so gave it out  
 Even before the Senate, while it weighed  
 The matter of his Russian embassy.  
 Yet, ravening, like a wolf within the fold  
 Of those his friends, that same Committee turned  
 His acts to calumny, and made report



Through Washburne, in December, Sixty-one,  
After a five months' search, of many things  
That outwardly appeared indelicate.  
Then offered resolutions, one of which  
Ran thus, "*Resolved*, The practice of employing  
Parties entirely irresponsible,  
And not connected with the Government  
Officially, to do the public duties,  
Which always may be properly performed  
By regular officers of Government,  
And purchasing by contract privately,  
Where fair and open competition might  
Be properly invited, injures much  
The public service, and does therefore meet  
The strong disapprobation of this house."  
All of the which, sustained by righteousness,  
The General would have answered, but the ways  
Of Providence are no man's ways at all.  
Upon the very day desired by him  
For explanation; and so set by them,  
He wandered forth oblivious and was found  
Nowhere. But those who live are waiting still.

Then many turned against him, Congressmen  
Of his own side, which numbered two to one,  
Finding him vile, and all the populace  
Cried "treason," for they knew not what they did.  
So Lincoln raised his heel and would have sped  
Simon incontinent, but friends who knew  
The value of the Great Proprietor,  
Saved him this shame, and sent him Minister  
To distant Petersburg; which pleased the Czar,  
Himself an autocrat. But even there  
Hatred went after him; and having learned  
More than they knew before he took his leave  
In January, these same Congressmen,  
Led by one Dawes, in April, Sixty-two,  
Called up those resolutions, voting them  
By two to one. When Holman, worst of all,  
Added this heinous villany: "*Resolved*,  
That Simon Cameron, late Secretary  
Of War, by giving Alexander Cummings  
Control of large amounts of public money  
Without restriction, and authority  
To purchase military stores without  
Requiring from him any guarantee  
For faithful execution of his duties,  
When public officers, and competent  
Were near at hand, and binding government



To numbers vast of contracts, made with those  
 Not lawfully engaged in doing business  
 Pertaining to the matter of such contracts,  
 Especially in the purchasing of arms  
 To be delivered at a future time,  
 Adopted policy injurious  
 To the public service and deserves therefor  
 The censure of the House." And this was passed  
 By nine and seventy to forty-five,  
 Although his now surviving friends, who knew  
 The value of the great proprietor,  
 Worked hard with subtle reasons. Meanwhile he  
 Was adding lustre to the Nation's fame  
 In distant Petersburg.

But Neva's banks,  
 With all their leagues of stately palaces  
 Had for his soul no charm, for still he yearned  
 Toward Susquehanna. Then there came a voice  
 That called as from a distance, warning him  
 Of sudden danger to the cause he loved.  
 For Buckalew the Democrat was named  
 By his to take the place of senator,  
 And his were more than Simon's by a man.  
 So Simon left the Neva rapidly.  
 And still remembering that vow he'd made  
 To sink himself in deepest obloquy  
 Rather than fail in righteous purposes,  
 He drew his tablets forth and wrote thereon  
 The words Lebo, Maneer, and Wagonseller.  
 Then set down signs and figures, found their sum  
 And wrote this down, dividing it by three:  
 Whereat a smile illumed his countenance,  
 And in the Russian tongue he murmured, "cheap."  
 Then all his lieges flocked to welcome him,  
 And joy was unconfined. Strong men with hands  
 Where through had passed ten thousand stand of arms,  
 And they undaunted, sat them down and wept  
 For very tenderness. But time was short,  
 And short the General's greeting. Only he  
 Could save, and all his great heart urged him on  
 Toward Harrisburg. He came, he saw, and straight  
 The weakness of the foe was manifest.  
 So, taking on himself some seeming wrong,  
 He sent his henchmen forth to sound their camp  
 With offers of five thousand dollars down  
 To such as would go home: and finding one  
 Named Boyer promising, they brought him in  
 To where the General sat, 'twas in a bank,  
 And there the General tempted him, and said,

“ Ten thousand shall be thine if thou wilt vote  
For me, and one paymastership that's worth  
Three thousand yearly : ” and he backed and filled.  
And, lo, the General saw him once again,  
There where he lodged, and named five thousand more,  
Whereat he backed and filled. And once again  
They met, and this was in the house of Don,  
Great Simon's son, the sub-proprietor,  
When twenty thousand dollars brought him to.  
Whereon was joy in Cameronia.  
Then thrice the dawning blushed and brought the day :  
And with the day came Boyer and the chief  
To where was lodged that henchman Patterson,  
Who did the business, Simon saying, “ now  
Boyer the time has come, and wilt thou pledge  
Thyself before the caucus chairman here ? ”  
And Boyer answered “ aye ” and it was done.  
But some whose ways were sin, not righteousness  
Flocked to the wise-men's hall, and in their hands  
Was growth of wood called bludgeons, menacing.  
Then Boyer, craven, for his heart had failed,  
Trembled and voted when the time was come  
For Buckalew : whereat, this only once,  
Great Simon swore an oath superlative.

But here was not an end : the gift of grace  
To cull desert from strange appearances  
Lacked in their council, and the wise men said,  
“ Let us inquire and take down statements sworn  
Of how the thing was done. ” And so they did.  
Then after all the truth had come to light,  
But not its perfect flower of inwardness,  
They passed a resolution ; so it stands,  
“ Requesting that the Governor instruct  
The Attorney General of the Commonwealth  
To institute proceedings criminal  
'Gainst Simon, William Brobst, John Patterson  
And Henry Thomas. ” But the Governor  
Belonged to Simon's side. Then all these names  
Were writ in gold upon the people's heart,  
Who knew they labored for the public good.  
And Patterson, because his soul was pure,  
Became in after years a Senator  
From Carolina. But the General  
Was wroth at Boyer's treason, seeing such,  
If such should spread, would make all government  
Impossible. And thereupon he gave  
The Cameronian Aphorism, thus,---  
“ An honest man is one who when he's bought  
Stays bought. ” And lo, the wondering world admired,

And wrote his wisdom in a thousand tongues.

Then Simon bode his time till Sixty-seven ;  
 Ruling his vast domain. These several checks  
 Had taught him caution, and he learned therefrom  
 To bind the leaders with a stronger bond  
 To him and his, until when two or three—  
 Were met together for the public good,  
 A half should hold and all the rest should hope  
 To hold from him their means of livelihood.  
 Wherein he prospered, for although the mass  
 Might waver in their love or loyalty  
 The men who pulled the wires that moved the mass  
 Were ever one for Simon. So it came  
 To pass that when they met at Harrisburg,  
 In Sixty-seven, all proclaimed that he  
 Was Senator by right proprietary,  
 Though still, for form, elected. And he held  
 Thereafter if the rabble would or not.  
 Instructing those, for such is policy,  
 Who sought the votes of men that hated him,  
 To curse him if they must, but get the votes  
 And all should be forgiven at Harrisburg.

So calmly passed his life till age<sup>?</sup>came on ;  
 But age that ripened wisdom. Then he said,  
 Musing, " The time to reap the good I've sown,  
 Though long delayed must come, and it is well.  
 But well to me were ill, if ill to those  
 I leave behind." So musing, sought a way.

How blessed is the father of a son!  
 His feet can never falter, nor his eyes  
 Grow weary : evening brings the dawn and day,  
 Without the darkness : and the sting of death  
 Is half removed. Lo, Simon had a son.

Then passed he in review, for literature  
 Had won his early love and held it still,  
 All potentates who, having sons or heirs,  
 Had given them a part in government,  
 Or let them rule alone. But most admired  
 The Roman Emperors, in that device  
 Whereby their reigns so lapped, that death could leave  
 No void. Augustus gone, Tiberius  
 But held the whole of what was his before  
 In part : and so with Titus, worthy son  
 Of wise Vespasian, and associate.  
 Thus Trajan held from Nerva ; Hadrian  
 From Trajan ; and the pious Antonine  
 From him, adopting for his son and heir

Great Marcus, last of these but first of all.  
So ran his agile thoughts along the list,  
From then to now, reposing most of all  
On Diocletian with his model farm,  
His Cæsars and his famous cabbages.

Then Simon pondered well and laid a plan  
To suit the time, the change, and circumstance.  
Himself would still remain proprietor,  
(As who should say, *Augustus*) while his son  
Taking the second, or the *Cæsar's* place,  
Should rule as Senator. He willed it so,  
And so it was. But Donald, Simon's son,  
In many ways had proven worthiness.  
Surmounting that repugnance in his blood  
To temporal gain and gold, he'd made him rich,  
Yea, very rich, that means should never lack  
For righteousness. And when the means were got  
The ways were near at hand. Then, last of all,  
Great Grant, to show he loved the father well,  
And cast rebuke on those bad Congressmen  
Whose resolutions wrote him down a thief,  
Had made the son his warlike Secretary  
And though his chance was little or was null  
Beside the sire's, for all was peacefulness,  
Yet Donald did his best and did it well.  
So well that when his time was out with Grant's,  
Another, better band of Congressmen,  
From Pennsylvania, begged the President,  
Hayes, to retain him, which he should have done.

Then Simon, for the form, in Seventy-seven,  
Resigned his seat, and Donald, for the form,  
Was legally elected Senator.  
And all true men rejoiced, for well they knew  
The populace no longer fit to rule !  
And though they might remember ancient forms,  
Acknowledged here the hand of Providence,  
Which man may not resist. But cavillers,  
Blatant, with this and that, and "Liberty,"  
"Corruption," "Self-respect," and all the long  
Vocabulary of the demagogue  
Stirred up the mass, or sought to stir, but failed.  
Then housed their wrath until the time was come  
For regular election to the seat  
That Simon gave to Donald ; Seventy-nine.  
When all the howling crew, and be it said,  
Some honest men betrayed by sophistry,  
Swore that the General's plan had given them  
For Senator a speechless imbecile

With just the wit to "run a primary."  
But slander came to naught, and Donald holds  
By right forever and by form of law  
Till Eighty-five.

But liegemen, citizens,  
Or what you will, the lengthy tale I've told  
Is not the prattle of a poor old man  
Who talks for talking, but a way that leads  
Up to the height from which with vision clear,  
The course you now should take, you now may choose.  
What do they tell me? Has the State gone mad,  
That now between the rise and set of sun,  
You lose the lesson of a ~~country~~ *century*?  
Can crack-brained dreamers who would turn the world  
To virtue with an edict filch your hearts  
From him whose wisdom tempers to your need,  
The wind of liberty, who keeps afar  
Tumultuous faction, that your lives may glide  
Unruffled to the peaceful shades of death?  
Open your eyes and see. Behold a man  
Dragged all reluctant, by the hand of fate,  
To place and power; mark the sacrifice,  
When once his heart perceived necessity,  
Of all that man holds dear to that one thing,  
The public good! and pray what men are these,  
That talk of virtue? virtue such as theirs,  
Befits fair weather. Give them praise and fame,  
And that just share of gold that wages bring,  
And they'll be virtuous! what one of them  
Has proved himself as Simon Cameron?  
What one of them, when no man else could know  
The motive in his heart, has sunk himself  
For righteousness so low that infamy  
Found for his deed no name? But Donald holds  
By no such title, say you? Donald holds,  
By this the best of titles, by the will  
Of him whose wisdom made you what you are,  
And keeps you so. But Donald, say you still,  
Has done no deed of fame, and we must have  
One famous in the halls of Washington?  
Go to, such words are childish: deed of fame?  
What man among you save himself and sire,  
And this much comes of blood, could for a day  
Conduct the vast machine of government  
Made for your weakness? But you've done with it?  
You cry corruption? swear the wheels are greased  
With stolen gold that stinks of infamy?  
The very pauper, robbed of half his alms,  
To make them run the smother? Silly men!  
You noise too much the necessary ills

That go with government, for these are few,  
 And were they ten times more would still be few  
 Beside the sum of good. For this one thing,  
 That he despises both your praise and blame,  
 And watches o'er you if you will or not,  
 Is Donald worthy, if for nothing else.  
 And this is in the blood ; on this depend.

But no, the fears that love exaggerates  
 Have made me blind. This empty noise that fills  
 The grand old Commonwealth is but the cry  
 Of windy malcontents, whom Donald's rule  
 Keeps from the public crib. O patriots,  
 Men who remember, spurn them, for their hope  
 Is death to Cameron. And these would name  
 A governor ! Immense ingratitude !  
 Who was it far away at Christmas tide  
 That took this care upon him ? who, when all  
 The land rejoiced was suffering the throes,  
 The long, laborious travail of the mind,  
 That brought forth Beaver ? Who, but Cameron ?  
 And this is his reward ! The man he made,  
 The man that lives to serve him, cast aside  
 For petty jealousy. It cannot be !  
 It must not and it shall not ! No, were these  
 A thousand times their number, Providence,  
 For faithful Simon's sake, would conquer them.

Then peace. Be undisturbed, and thank the Lord.  
 Listen to those that rule, and learn to love.  
 Let each one, conscious of unworthiness,  
 Go grind his little private axe at home,  
 And leave the State to statesmen.

O my friends,  
 Remember now the sad mistake you made  
 In thrusting heirs of mine from government,  
 And make no more. O people, multitude,  
 Toilers, who break the stone that paves the way  
 For giant monopoly, the stone that's sealed  
 With human flesh and blood, remember all  
 Your debt to Cameron. His name alone  
 Is like a shield protecting poverty  
 From bloated avarice. His enemies  
 Are bodies corporate, his friends, the poor.  
 And so from sire to son it still must be,  
 For this is in the blood. And now farewell ;  
 Farewell with this one hope, that when I come  
 A hundred years from now, I still may find  
 A Cameron the state's proprietor.



























LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 209 436 8